Another perfect copy of this edition has since been discovered, & sold at Messrs. Sotheby's for £86.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Shakespeare Sotos. rise in value in geometrical progression. In Brand's sale 1807 the Sonnets, MS. title, fetched ten shillings & sixpence. At Utterson's sale, 1852, I gave upwards of £30 for a copy with title & one leaf MS!

For this most rare edition (most rare in a perfect state) I gave Mr. Daniel in exchange The History of Tom Thumb, 1621, bought by me at Utterson's sale for £6.. 2.. 6, and a volume of curious Penny Romances, no. 1516, at Utterson's sale, which cost me (with commission) £33.. 10. The present volume cost me altogether, therefore, £39.. 12.. 6.

Heber's copy, now in the Bodleian Library, is imperfect, the last leaf being made up with MS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

K. Shakespere (W.)

C. 34 k. 57.

# THE MOST EXCELLENT AND Lamentable Tragedie, of *Romeo and Juliet.*

As it hath beene ſundrie times publiquely Acted, by the KINGS Maieſties Seruants at the Globe.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

LONDON
Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICK, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard, in Fleeteſtreete vnder the Dyall.
1609.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# The Prologue.

## Chorus.

*TWo houſholds both alike in dignity,*
*(In faire* Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
*From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,*
*Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:*
*From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,*
*A paire of ſtarre-croſt louerstake their life:*
*Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,*
*Doth with their death bury their Parents ſtrife.*
*The feareful paſsage of their death-markt loue,*
*And the continuance of their Parents rage,*
*Which but their Childrens end nought could remoue:*
*Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.*
*The which if you with patient eares attend,*
*What here ſhal miſſe, our toile ſhall ſtriue to mend.*

# THE MOST EXCELLENT AND Lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO *and* IVLIET.

*Enter* Sampson *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the house of* Capulet.

SAmp *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carry Coles.
*Greg.* No, for then we should be Collyers.
*Samp.* I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
*Greg.* I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
*Samp.* I strike quickly being moued.
*Greg.* But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
*Samp.* A dog of the house of *Mountague* moues me.
*Greg.* To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand. Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.
*Samp.* A dog of that house shall moue me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.
*Greg.* That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.
*Samp.* Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.
*Gre.* The quarrell is betweene our masters, and vs their men.
*Samp.* Tis all one I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuill with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

*Grego.* The heades of the maids.

*Samp.* I the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

*Grego.* They must take it sense, that feele it.

*Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

*Grego.* Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

*Enter two other seruingmen.*

*Samp.* My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

*Gre.* How, turne thy backe and runne?

*Samp.* Feare me not.

*Gre,* No marrie, I feare thee.

*Samp.* Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

*Samp,* Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

*Abra.* Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

*Samp.* I doe bite my thumb sir.

*Abra,* Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

*Samp.* Is the Law of our side if I say I?

*Gre.* No.

*Samp.* No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

*Gre.* Doe you quarrell sir?

*Abra.* Quarrell sir, no sir.

*Sa.* But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mã as you.

*Abra.* No better.

*Samp.* VVell sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

*Gre.* Say better, here comes one of my Maisters kinsmen.

*Samp.* Yes better sir.

*Abra.* You lie.

*Samp.* Draw if you be men, *Gregorie,* remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.*

*Benu.* Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*



*Enter Tibalt.*

*Tibalt.* VVhat art thou drawne among these hartlesse hinds turne thee *Benuolio,* look vpon thy death.

*Ben.* I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword, or mannage it to part these men with me.

*Tib.* VVhat drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Haue at the coward.

*Enter three or foure* Citizens *with clubs or partysons.*

*Offi.* Clubs, Billes and Partisons, strike, beate them downe. Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues

*Enter old* Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

*Capu.* VVhat noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe,

*Wife.* A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

*Enter old* Mountague *and his wife.*

*Moun.* Thou villaine *Capulet,* hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

*Enter Prince* Eskales, *with his traine.*

*Prince.* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steele, VVill they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts: That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, VVith purple fountaines issuing from your veines: On paine of torture from those bloudy hands, Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And heare the sentence of your moued Prince. Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague,* Haue thrice disturbde the quiet of our streets, And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens, Cast by their graue beseeming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cancred with peace, to party our cancred hate, If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your-

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt.*

*Moun.* Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
*Ben.* Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
*Wife.* O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
*Ben.* Madam an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my honour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
*Mount.* Many a morning hath he there beene seene,

With



With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.
*Ben.* My noble vncle do you know the cause?
*Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
*Ben.* Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
*Moun.* Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he his own affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

*Enter* Romeo.

*Benu.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
*Moun.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

*Exeunt.*

*Benuol.* Good morrow Cousin.
*Romeo.* Is the day so young?
*Ben.* But new strooke nine.
*Romeo.* Ay me sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
*Ben.* It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeos* houres?

*Ro.* Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short,
*Ben.* In loue.
*Romeo.* Out.
*Ben.* Of loue.
*Rom.* Out of her fauour where I am in loue,
*Ben.* Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.
*Romeo.* Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
*Ben.* No Coze, I rather weepe.
*Rom.* Good heart at what?
*Ben.* At thy good harts oppression.
*Romeo.* Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
*Ben.* Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.

Tut



*Rom.* Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.
*Ben.* Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
*Rom.* What shall I grone and tell thee?
*Ben.* Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who?
*Rom.* A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.
*Ben.* I aymd so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.
*Rom.* A right good marke man, and shees faire I loue.
*Ben.* A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.
*Romeo* Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish bow she liues vnch armd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.
*Ben.* Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?
*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing, make huge wast:
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
*Ben.* Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
*Ro.* By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
*Ro.* Tis the way to call hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a Mistrisse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire:
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
*Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the clowne.*

*Capu.* *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee to keepe the peace.
*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
*Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
*Par.* Younger then she, are happy mothers made.
*Capu.* And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit



Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

*Exit.*

*Ser.* Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his pensill, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time

*Enter* Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

*Ben.* Tut man one fire burnes out an others burning,
One paine is lesned by an others anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.
*Romeo.* Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
*Ben.* For what I pray thee?
*Romeo.* For your broken shin.
*Ben.* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
*Rom.* Not mad but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
*Ser.* Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
*Ser.* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
*Rom.* I if I know the letters and the language.
*Ser.* Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: County* Anselme *and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces:* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

*Ser.* Vp.

*Ro.* VVhither to supper.

*Ser?* To our house.

*Ro,* VThose house?

*Ser:* My Maisters.

*Ro.* Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

*Ser,* Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

*Ben.* At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
VVith all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make the thinke thy swan a crow.

*Ro,* VVhen the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben:* Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

*Ro.* Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,

But



But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter* Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

*Wife,* Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, Now *by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladi-bird, God for bid, Where's this Girle? what* Iuliet.

*Enter* Iuliet.

*Iuliet.* How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

*Iul.* Madam I am here, what is your will?

*Wife.* This is the matter: Nurse giue leaue a while, wee must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

*Wife* Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.*
*How long is it now to* Lammas tide?

*Wife.* A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse *Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God she was too good for mee. But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid worme-wood to my dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But as I saide, when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand a lone, nay bi'throode she could haue runne and wadled all about: for euin the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband, God bee with his*

*his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not* Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how a Ieſt ſhall come about. I warrant, and I ſhall liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretty foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

*Old La.* Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leaue crying and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bompe as big as a young Cockrels ſtone? a perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid* I.

*Iuli.* And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace I haue done: God mark thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once. I haue my wiſh.*

*Old La.* Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be Married?

*Iuli.* It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teat.*

*Old La.* Well think of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. *A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

*Old La.* *Veronas* Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

*Old La.* What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,





And find delight, writ there with beauties pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the ſea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold claſpes, locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

*Nurſe.* No leſſe nay bigger women grow by men.

*Old La.* Speake briefly can you like of *Paris* loue?

*Iuli.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make fly. *Enter Seruing.*

*Seruing.* Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight.

*Mo.* We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtaies.

*Nurſe.* Goe gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, torch bearers.*

*Romeo.* What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apologie?

*Ben.* The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hud winckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

*Rom.* Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

Being but heauy I will beare the light.
*Mercu.* Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
*Ro.* Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
*Mer.* You are a louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
*Romeo.* I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light fethers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.
*Horatio.* And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
*Romeo.* Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.
*Mer.* If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
*Ben.* Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betakes him to his legs,
*Ro.* A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.
*Mer.* Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
*Ro.* Nay thats not so.
*Mer.* I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits,

*Ro.* And



*Ro.* And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to go.
*Mer.* VVhy may one aske?
*Rom.* I dreampt a dreame to night.
*Mer.* And so did I.
*Rom.* VVell what was yours?
*Mer.* That dreamers often lye.
*Ro:* In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true,
*Mer.* O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger thē an Agat stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie asleepe: her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs: the couer of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collers of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hasel nut, made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coachmakers: and in this state she gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, & then they dream of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete meats tainted are. So metime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreame he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes shee with a tith-pigs tale, tickling a Parsōs nose as a lies a sleepe, thē he dreams of another Benefice. Somtime she drīeth ore a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, & then anon drums in his eare, at which he startes and wakes, & being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

 This

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to bearc,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.

*Romeo.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

*Merc.* True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
VVhich is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

*Ben.* This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Ro.* I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
VVith this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with napkins.*

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ser.* VVheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

1. VVhen good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

*Ser.* Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, saue mee a peece of Marchpane, and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. Iboy



2. Iboy readie.

*Ser.* You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great Chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.*

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, she that makes dainty,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen, come Musitians play:

*Musicke playes, and they dance.*

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fier, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we maskt.

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirty.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a ward two yeares agoe.



*Romeo.* What

*Ro.* VVhat Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
*Ser,* I know not sir.
*Ro,* O she doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I nere saw true beauty till this night.
*Tib,* This by his voice, should be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
*Capu.* VVhy how now kinsman wherefore storme you so?
*Tib.* Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
*Capu.* Young *Romeo* is it.
*Tib.* Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
*Capu.* Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A bares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
*Tib.* It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile



Ile not endure him.
*Capu.* He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You will set cock a hoope, youle be the man.
*Ti.* VVhy vncle, tis a shame.
*Capu.* Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy boy, ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrary me, marry tis time,
VVell said my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
*Ti.* Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw but this intrusion shal
Now seeming sweete, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
*Ro.* If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.
*Iu.* Good Pilgrime you do wrong your hand too much
VVhich mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
*Ro.* Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
*Iuli.* I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.
*Rom.* O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pra y (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.
*Iu.* Saints doe not moue, though grant for prayers sake.
*Ro.* Then moue not while my prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.
*Iu.* Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
*Ro.* Sin from my lips, O trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue

Giue me my ſin againe.
*Iuli.* You kiſſe bith booke.
*Nur.* Madam your mother craues a word with you.
*Rom.* What is her mother?
*Nurſ.* Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
*Rom.* Is ſhe a *Catulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
*Ben.* Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
*Rom.* I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
*Capu.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
*Iuli.* Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
*Nurſ.* The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
*Iuli.* VVhats he that now is going out of doore?
*Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
*Iuli.* VVhats he that follows here that would not dance?
*Nurſ.* I know not.
*Iuli.* Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
*Nurſ.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
*Iul.* My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
*Nurſ.* VVhats tis? whats tis?





*Iu.* A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danſt withall.
*One cals within* Iuliet.
*Nurſe.* Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*
Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would die,
VVith tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſde he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſsion lends them Power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame ſweete.
*Enter* Romeo *alone.*
*Rom.* Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.
*Enter* Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.
*Ben.* *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
*Mer.* He is wiſe, & on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
*Ben.* He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*
Nay Ile coniure too.
*Mer.* *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſsion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime and I am ſatisfied:
Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger maid.
He heareth not, he ſtriueth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him,
I coniure the by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
*Ben.* And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
*Mer.* This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his miſtreſſe name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
*Mer.* If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
*Romeo* goodnight Ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we goe?
*Ben.* Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
*Ro.* He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder windowe breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,

That



That thou her maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maid ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtal liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes yet ſhe ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
*Iuli.* Ay me
*Rom.* She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.
*Iuli.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
*Iuli.* Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,



Nor

Nor arme nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
VVhat's in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
VVithout that title. *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.

*Ro.* I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

*Iuli.* VVhat man art thou, that thus beſcreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?

*Ro.* By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

*Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

*Rom.* Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.

*Iu.* How cameſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

*Ro.* VVith loues light wings did I oreperch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

*Iu.* If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

*Ro.* Alacke there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twenty of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.

*Iu.* I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.





*Rom.* I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

*Iuli.* By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?

*Ro.* By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſhet with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe

*Iuli.* Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe, at louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heardſt ere I was ware
My true loue paſsion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruite tree tops.

*Iu.* O ſweare not by the Moone th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?
*Iuli.* Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
*Ro.* If my hearts deare loue,
*Iu.* Well doe not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisde, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
*Ro.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
*Iu.* What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
*Iu.* I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
*Ro.* Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
*Iu.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
*Ro.* O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
*Iu.* Three words deare *Romeo*, and goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honorable,
Thy purpose matriage, send me word to morrow,





By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To'morrow will I send.
*Ro.* So thriue my soule.
*Iu.* A thousand times goodnight.
*Ro.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauy lookes.
*Enter* Iuliet *againe*.
*Iu.* Hist *Romeo* hist, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
*Ro.* It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
*Iu.* *Romeo.*
*Rom.* My Neece.
*Iul.* What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
*Ro.* By the houre of nine.
*Iuli.* I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
*Ro.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.
*Iuli.* I shall forget, to haue the still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.
*Ro.* And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
*Iuli.* Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues:
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.
*Iu.* Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
*Ro.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
*Iu.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
*Rom.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The gray eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckeld like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles,
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Frier alone with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
VVe sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:





For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter* Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sence with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
*Ro:* Good morrow father.
*Fr.* Benedicite.
VVhat early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raign,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.
*Ro.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
*Fri.* God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline?*
*Rom.* VVith *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
*Fri.* Thats my good son, but where hast thou beene then?
*Ro.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
VVher on a sudden one hath wounded me:

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
VVithin thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man; for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
*Fri.* Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
*Rom.* Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
VVe met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
*Fri.* Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
VVomen may fall, when thers no strength in men.
*Ro.* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
*Fri.* For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
*Ro.* And badst me bury loue.
*Fri.* Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
*Ro.* I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now





Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue alow:
The other did not so.
*Fri.* O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,
To turne your housholds rancor to pure loue.
*Rom.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

*Merc.* Where the deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
*Ben.* Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
*Mer.* Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
*Ben. Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.
*Mer.* A challenge on my life.
*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.
*Mer.* Any man that can write may answere a letter.
*Ben.* Nay, he will answere the letters maister how he dares being dared.
*Mer.* Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tibalt*?
*Rom.* Why what is *Tibalt*?
*Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prickesong, keeps time distance & proportion, he rests his minum rests, one two & the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button a dualist a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-

uerſo, the Hay.

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion mongers, theſe pardon mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they can not ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ben.* Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

*Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the nũbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo Bon ieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your french ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely laſt night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

*Mer.* The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

*Romeo.* Pardon good *Mercutio.*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

*Mer.* Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Romeo.* Meaning to curſie.

*Mer.* Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A moſt curteous expoſition.

*Mer.* Nay I am the very pincke of curteſie.

*Romeo*, pinck for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* VVhy then is my pump well flowerd.

*Mer.* Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſole ſingular.

*Ro.* O



*Ro.* O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe,

*Mer.* Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

*Ro.* Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or ile crie a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the wild gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. VVas I with you there for the gooſe?

*Ro.* Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

*Ro.* Nay good gooſe bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter ſweting, it is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

*Ro.* And is it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

*Mer.* Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

*Ro.* I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

*Mer.* VVhy is not this better now, then groning for loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, ſtop there.

*Mer.* Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

*Ben.* Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

*Ro.* Heres goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*

A ſayle, a ſayle.

*Mer.* Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

*Nur.* *Peter*?

*Peter.* Anon.

*Nur.* My fan *Peter*.

*Mer.* Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

*Nurſe.* God ye good morrow Gentlemen.



*Mer.* God

*Mer.* God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

*Nur.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

*Nur.* Out vpon you, what a man are you?

*Ro.* One Gentlewomā, that God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

*Nur.* By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quatha: gētlemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

*Ro.* I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

*Nur.* You ſay well.

*Mer.* Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

*Nur.* If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

*Mer.* A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

*Ro.* What haſt thou found?

*Mer.* No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in lent.

But a hare that is hore is too much for a ſcore, when it hores ere it be ſpent,

*Romeo* will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

*Ro.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

*Exeunt.*

*Nur.* I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

*Romeo.* A Gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then he will ſtand to in a moneth.

*Nur.* And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him down, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gils, I am none of his ſkaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand



ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe mee at his pleaſure.

*Pet.* I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue been out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

*Nur.* Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

*Rom.* Nurſe commend me to thy Lady and Miſtriſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

*Nur.* Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord ſhe will bee a ioyfull woman.

*Ro.* What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

*Nur.* I will tell her ſir, that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentlemanlike offer. (noone,

*Rom.* Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this after-
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhriued and married: here is for thy paines.

*Nur.* No truly ſir not a penny.

*Rom.* Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

*Nur.* This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

*Rom.* And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

*Nur.* Now

*Nurse.* Now God in heauen blesse thee, harke you sir?

*Ro.* What saist thou my deare Nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keepe counsell putting one away.

*Ro.* Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

*Nur.* Well sir, my Mistrisse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

*Ro.* I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

*Nur.* A mocker thats the dogsname, *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy Lady.

*Nur.* Ia thousand times *Peter*?

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nur.* Before and apace.

*Exit*

*Enter* Iuliet.

*Iu.* The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing back shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,





She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete loue. (dead,
*M.* And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse.*

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

*Nur. Peter* stay at the gate.

*Iu.* Now good sweet Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

*Nur.* I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I had?

*Iu.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

*Nur.* Iesu what hast, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Iu.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

*Nur.* Wel, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face bee better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lamme: go thy waies wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

*Iu.* No no, But all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage, what of that?

*Nur.* Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
*Iu.* I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
*Nur.* Your loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
*Iu.* Where is my mother, why she is within, where should she (be?
How odly thou repliest:
Your loue saies like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
*Nur.* O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
*Iuli.* Heres such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
*Nur.* Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
*Iu.* I haue.
*Nur.* Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climde a birds neast soone when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
*Iu.* Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier and* Romeo.

*Fri.* So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
*Ro.* A men, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That



That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deouring death doe what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
*Fri.* These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

*Enter* Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foot
Vvill nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
*Iu.* Good euen to my ghostly confessor.
*Fri. Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
*Iu.* As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
*Ro.* Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
*Iu.* Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.



*Enter*

*Enter* Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

*Ben.* I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

*Ben.* And what too?

*Mer.* Nay and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine asleepe in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband, & yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

*Ben:* And I were so apt to quarel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple, O simple.

*Enter* Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

*Ben.* By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

*Mer.* By my heele I care not.

*Tybalt.* Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

*Mer.*



*Mer.* And but one word with one of vs? couple it with somthing, make it a word and a blow.

*Ti.* You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.

*Mercut.* Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

*Ti.* *Mercutio* thou consortest with *Romeo.*

*Mer.* Consort, what dost thou make vs Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords, heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

*Ben.* VVe talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

*Mer.* Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ti.* VVell peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

*Mer.* But Ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

*Tib.* *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

*Ro.* *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I see thou knowest me not.

*Ti.* Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me therefore turne and draw.

*Ro.* I do protest I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:



*Alla*

*Alla stucatho* carries it away,
*Tibalt*, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

*Ti.* What would thou haue with me?

*M.* Good King of Cats, no thing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, & as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

*Ti.* I am for you.

*Ro.* Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

*Mer.* Come sir your Passado.

*Ro.* Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
*Tibalt*, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

*Away Tibalt.*

*Mer.* I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What art thou hurt?

*Mer.* I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough,
Where is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

*Ro.* Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

*Ro.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or



Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and soundly to your houses.

*Exit*

*Ro.* This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath gott his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin, O sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

*Enter* Benuolio.

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

*Ro.* This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

*Ro.* He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fier and fury, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

*Ti.* Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

*Ro.* This shall determine that.

*They fight.* Tibalt *falles.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone away,

*Rome.* O

*Ro.* O I am fortunes foole.
*Ben.* Why doſt thou ſtay?

*Exit.* Romeo.

*Enter Citizens.*

*Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
*Tibalt* that murtherer, which way ran he?
*Benu.* There lies that *Tibalt*.
*Citi.* Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old* Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

*Prin.* VVhere are the vile beginners of this fray?
*Ben.* O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*.
*Capu Wi.* *Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
*Prin.* *Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
*Ben.* *Tibalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
*Romeo* that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
VVith gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
VVith Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
VVho all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,





His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneth whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained reuenge,
And toote they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
*Ca. Wi.* He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
*Romeo* ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
*Prin.* *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
*Cap.* Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
*Prin.* And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

*Exit*

*Enter* Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,

Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their amorous rights,
And by their owne beauties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suited matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maidenhoods,
Hood my vnmand blood bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
VVhiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackbrowd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

And she bring newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

*Nur.* I,



*Nur.* I, I, the cords.
*Iuliet.* Ay me, what newes? why dost thou wring thy hands?
*Nur.* A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
A lacke the day, hees is gone, hees kild, hees dead.
*Iu.* Can heauen be so enuious.
*Nur. Romeo* can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
*Iu.* What diuell art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.
*Nur.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in blood,
All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight.
*Iu.* O breake my heart, poore bankrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beare.
*Nur.* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.
*Iu.* VVhat storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
*Romeo* that kild him he is banished.
*Iuliet*. O God, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
*Iu*. Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue-featherd Rauen, woluish-rauening lambe,
Despised substance of diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*,
*Iu*. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you speake well of him that kild your cozin?
*Iu*. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,





VVhich you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
*Tybalt* is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
VVas woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellow ship,
And needly will be wrankt with other griefes,
VVhy followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
VVhich moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a rearward following *Tybalts* death,
*Romeo* is banished to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
VVhere is my father and my mother Nurse?
*Nur*. VVeeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* course,
VVill you go to them: I will bring you thither.
*Iu*. VVath they his wounds with teares: mine shal be spent
VVhen theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
*Iu.* O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Frier and* Romeo.

*Fri.* *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
*Ro.* Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
*Fri.* Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company?
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.
*Ro.* What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
*Fri.* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
*Ro.* Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
*Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
*Ro.* There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearmd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
*Fri.* O deadly sin, O rude vnthankefulnesse,
Thy fault our law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.





This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
*Ro* Tis torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery cat and dog,
And little mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished,
Flies may doe this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharp ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though neere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?
*Fri.* Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
*Ro.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
*Fri.* Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
*Ro.* Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
*Fri.* O then I see, that mad men haue no eares.
*Ro.* How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
*Ro.* Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele;
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
*Enter Nurse, and knockes.*
*Fri.* Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide t hy selfe,
*Ro.* Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.
*They knocke.*
*Fri.* Harke how they knocke (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp,
*Slud knocke.*
Run to my study by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come,
*Knocke.*
Who knocks so hard: whence come you: whats your will?
*Enter Nurse.*
*Nur.* Let me come in, and you shall know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
*Fri.* Welcome then,
*Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Whe res my Ladies Lord, wheres *Romeo*,
*Fri.* There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
*Nur.* O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wosull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Sta nd vp, stand vp, stand and yo u be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
VVhy should you fall into so deepe an O:
*Rom.* Nurse.
*Nur.* Ah



*Nur.* Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
*Ro.* Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
VVith blood remoued, but little from her owne?
VVhere is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
*Nur.* Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
*Ro.* As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast:
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
VVhy rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
VVhich should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,

Diſgreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſowrne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turne it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſing light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till wee can find a time
To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
*Romeo* is comming.

*Nur.* O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

*Ro.* Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide,

*Nur.* Here



*Nur.* Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.

*Ro.* How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

*Fri.* Go hence, goodnight, & here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

*Ro.* But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter old* Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

*Ca.* Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

*Paris.* Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

*La.* I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed vp to her heauines.

*Ca.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her hereof, my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

*Paris* Monday my Lord.

*Ca.* Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her,



She

She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
VVill you be ready? do you like this haſte?
VVeele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what ſay you to Thurſday?
*Paris.* My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.
*Ca.* VVell, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Aforeme, it is ſo very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

*Iu.* VVilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
*Romeo.* It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.
*Iu.* Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.
*Ro.* Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,





Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe notes doe beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How is't my ſoule, lets talke it is not day.
*Iu.* It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes,
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion.
This doth not ſo: for ſhe deuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changde voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntſup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
*Romeo.* More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

*Enter Madame and Nurſe.*

*Nur.* Madam.
*Iu.* Nurſe.
*Nur.* Your Lady Mother is cumming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
*Iu.* Then window let day in, and let life out.
*Ro.* Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
*Iu.* Art thou gone ſo, loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many daies,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
*Ro.* Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
*Iu.* O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
*Ro.* I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our time to come.

*Ro.* O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
*Rom.* And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

*Exit*

*Iu.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

*Enter Mother.*

*La.* Ho daughter, are you vp?
*Iu.* VVho ist that calls? it is my Lady mother:
Is she not downe so Late or vp so early?
VVhat vnaccustomd cause procures her either?
*La.* VVhy how now *Iuliet.*
*Iu.* Madam I am not well.
*La.* Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
VVhat wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
*Iu.* Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
*La.* So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
VVhich you weepe for.
*Iu.* Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
*La.* VVell girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughtered him.
*Iu.* VVhat villaine Madam?
*La.* That same villaine *Romeo.*
*Iu.* Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon, I doe withall my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

*La.* That



*La.* That is becaus the Traitor liues.
*Iu.* I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
*La.* We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua,*
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
*Iu.* Indeede I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtered him.
*Mo.* Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
*Iu.* And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
*M.* VVell, well, thou hast a carefull father child.
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
*Iu.* Madam in happy time, what day is that?
*M.* Marry my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
*Iu.* Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:

I pray

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeede.
*M.* Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter* Capulet *and* Nurse.

*Ca.* When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It raines downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in (teares
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossled body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
*La.* I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
*Ca.* Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will shee none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
*Iu.* Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
*Ca.* How now, how now, chopt logick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet nor proud Mistrisse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioints gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.





Out you greene sickneslle carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
*La.* Fie, fie, what are you mad?
*Iu.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
*Fa.* Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
*Nur.* God in heauen blesse her:
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.
*Fa.* And why my Lady wisdom, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.
*Nur.* I speake no treason,
Father, O Godigeden,
May not one speake?
*Fa.* Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
*Wi.* You are too hot.
*Fa.* Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft as they say with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:



I am

I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer doe thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

*Iuliet.* Is there no pitie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

*Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

*Iuliet.* O God. O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What sai'st thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse. (nothing,

*Nur.* Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
*Romeos* a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,





I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

*Iu.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nur.* And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.

*Iu.* Amen.

*Nur.* What?

*Iu.* Well thou hast comforted me maruailous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeasde my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

*Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

*Iu.* Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die. *Exit.*

*Enter Frier and Countie* Paris.

*Fri.* On Thursday sir, the time is very short.

*Pa.* My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his hast.

*Fri.* You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

*Pa.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome hasts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
VVhich too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

*Enter* Iuliet.

*Par* Happily met my Lady and my wife.
*Iu.* That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
*Pa.* That may be, must be Ioue, on Thursday next.
*Iu.* What must be shall be.
*Fri.* Thats a certaine text.
*Par.* Come you to make confession to this Father?
*Iu.* To answere that, I should confesse to you.
*Pa.* Do not denie to him, that you loue me,
*Iu.* I will confesse to you that I loue him.
*Par.* So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
*Iu.* If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
*Par.* Poore soule thy face is much abusd with teares.
*Iu.* The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their spight.
*Pa.* Thou wrongst it more then teares with that report.
*Iu.* That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
*Pa.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
*Iu.* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
*Fri.* My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now,
My Lord we must intreat the time alone.
*Pa.* Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
*Iuliet*, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
*Iu* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
*Fri.* O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On



On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
*Iu.* Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:
Shall be the Labell to another deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienst time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudy knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedy.
*Fri.* Hold daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperat an execution.
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapst with death himselfe, to scape from it:
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.
*Iu.* Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpēts are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yealow chappels sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,

I 3 And

And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweet loue.
*Fri.* Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow nigh t looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour; for no pulse
Sh all keepe his native progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Iu.* Giue



*Iu.* Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare,
*Fri.* Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my letters to thy Lord.
*Iu.* Loue giue me strength, & strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

*Enter Father* Capulet, *Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.*

*Ca:* So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
*Ser.* You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
*Ca.* How canst thou trie them so?
*Ser.* Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cānot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
*Ca.* Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
*Nur.* I forsooth.
*Ca.* Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe willde harlotry it is. *Enter* Iuliet.
*Nur.* See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
*Ca.* How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?
*Iu.* Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you.
*Ca.* Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
*Iuli.* I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
*Ca.* Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand vp,
This is aft should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hether.

Now

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
*Iu.* Nurſe, will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
*Mo.* No not till Thurſday, there is time inough.
*Fa.* Go Nurſe, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
*Exeunt.*

*Mo.* VVe ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
Tis now neare night.
*Fa.* Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
to Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Gyrle is ſo reclaimd.
*Exit.*

*Enter* Iuliet *and* Nurſe.

*Iu.* I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
VVhich well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and ful of ſin.
*Enter Mother.*
*Mo.* VVhat are you buſie ho? need you my help?
*Iu.* No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
*Mo.* Good night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
*Exeunt.* *Iu.* Farewell,



*Iu.* Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall Sceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
VVhat if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, there's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
VVhere for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt,
VVhere bloody *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad.
O if I waike, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo*, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*

*La.* Hold, take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.
*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

*Enter old* Capulet.

*Ca.* Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
*Nur.* Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
*Ca.* No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
*La.* I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exit Lady and Nurse.*

*Ca.* A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.*

*Fel.* Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
*Ca.* Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
*Fel.* I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
*Ca.* Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good father tis day.

*Play Musicke.*

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

*Enter.*



*Enter Nurse.*

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste, (I say.
Make haste, the bridegroome, he is come already, make haste
*Nur.* Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,
VVhy Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
VVhat not a word, you take your peniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me,
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
VVhat dresst, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Lady es dead.
Oh weleaday, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady.
*Mo.* VVhat noise is heere?
*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* VVhat is the matter?
*Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
*Mo.* O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

*Enter Father.*

*Fa.* For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come:
*Nur.* Shees dead: deceast, shees dead, alacke the day,
*M.* Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
*Fa.* Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her blood is setled, and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene seperated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* O wofull time,
*Fa.* Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me ſpeake.

*Enter Frier and the Countie.*

*Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
*Fa.* Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
*Paris.* Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
*Mo.* Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
*Nur.* O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
*Paris.* Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
*Fat.* Deſpiſde, diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie?
O child, O child, my ſoule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

*Fri.* Peace



*Fri.* Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions, care liues not
In theſe confuſions, heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it ſelfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and ſticke your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome nature bids vs all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reaſons merriment.
*Fa.* All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad buriall feaſt:
Our ſolemne hymnes to ſullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
*Fri.* Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſsing their high will.

*Exeunt: manet.*

*Muſ.* Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
*Nur.* Honeſt goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.
*Fid.* I by my troath, the caſe may be amended.

*Exeunt omnes.*



*Enter*

*Enter Will Kempe.*

*Peter.* Muſitions, oh Muſitions, harts eaſe, harts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe.
*Fidler.* Why harts eaſe?
*Peter.* O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies, my hart
O play me ſome merrie dumpe to comfort me. (is full:
*Minſtrels.* Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
*Pet,* You will not then?
*Min.* No.
*Pet.* I will then giue it you ſoundly.
*Min.* What will you giue vs?
*Pet.* No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
*Min.* Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.
*Pet.* Then will I lay the ſeruing creatures dagger on your
pate. I will carie no Crochets, ile re you, ile fa
You, do you note me?
*Min.* And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs,
2 *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit,
Then haue at you with my wit.
*Peter.* I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Anſwere me like men. (yron dagger.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique
with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, what
ſay you Simon Catling?
*Min.* Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
*Pet.* Prateſt, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
*Pet.* Prateſt to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
*Pet.* O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth
lend redreſſe, *Exit.*

*Min.*



*Min.* What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?
*M.* 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the
Mourners, and ſtay dinner. *Exit.*

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ro.* If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

*Enter* Romeos *man.*

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.
*Man.* Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.
*Ro.* Is it euen ſo? then I denie you ſtarres,
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.
*Man.* I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſaduenture.
*Ro.* Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haſt

Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
*Man.* No my good Lord.
*Exit.*
*Ro.* No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoys hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but forerun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Appothecarie:
*Appo.* Who calls ſo lowd?
*Rom.* Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſ uch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-w earie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunck may be diſchargd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd
Doth



Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
*Poti.* Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vtters them.
*Ro.* Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchednеſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
*Po.* My pouerty, but not my will conſents.
*Ro.* I pray thy pouerty and not thy will.
*Po.* Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
*Ro.* There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.
*Exeunt.*
*Enter Frier* Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
*Ioh.* Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.
*Enter* Lawrence.
*Law.* This ſame ſhold be the voice of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.
*Ioh.* Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.



*Law.* Who

*Law.* VVho bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
*Iohn.* I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
*Law.* Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.
*Iohn* Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
*Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,
VVithin this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, closde in a dead mans Tombe. (*Exit.*

*Enter* Paris *and his Page.*

*Par.* Giue me thy torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
*Pag.* I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
*Par.* Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew,
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
VVhich with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that; with teares distild by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly



Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.
*Whistle Boy.*
The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curst foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a torche? muffle me night a while.

*Enter* Romeo *and* Peter.

*Ro.* Giue me the mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
VVhy I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.
*Pet.* I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
*Ro* So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
*Pet.* For all this same, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
*Ro.* Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more food.
*Pa.* This is that banisht haughtie *Mountegue*,
That murdred my loues Couzin; with which griefe,

 It

It is suppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
*Rom.* I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
*Par.* I do defie thy commiſseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
*Ro.* Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
*O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.*
*Par.* O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
*Rom.* In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
*Mercutius* kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue:
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

Death



Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquerd, beauties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
*Tybalt* lyeſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
VVhy art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this pallace of dym night
Depart againe, come lie thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
VVith wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
VVill I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſsing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauory guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy ſea-ſicke weary barke:
Heer's to my Loue. O true Appothecary;

Thy

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

*Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.*

*Fri.* St Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?
*Man.* Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
*Fri.* Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
*Man.* It doth so holy sir, & theres my master, one that you (loue.
*Fri.* Who is it?
*Man.* *Romeo.*
*Fri.* How long hath he bin there?
*Man.* Full halfe an houre.
*Fri.* Go with me to the Vault.
*Man.* I dare not Sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.
*Fri.* Stay, then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.
*Man.* As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
*Fri.* *Romeo,*
Alacke alacke, what bloud is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
*Romeo*, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.
*Iuli.* O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*
*Fri.* I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of



Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*
*Iuli.* Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

*Enter Boy and Watch.*

*Watch.* Leade boy, which way?
*Iuli.* Yea noise? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger.
Ti s is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. (burne.
*Watch boy.* This is the place, there where the torch doth
*Watch.* The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
P.ttifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
VVho here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the prince, runne to the *Capulets.*
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
VVe see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter Romeos man.*

*Watch.* Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
*Chiefe watch.* Hold him in safetie, till the Prince come hither.

*Enter Frier, and another Watchman.*

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
We

We tooke this Mattocke and this ſpade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard ſide.
*Chief Watch.* A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too, too.
*Enter the Prince.*
*Prin.* What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?
*Enter Capels.*
*Ca* What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
*Wife.* O the people in the ſtreete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry to ward our Monument.
*Pr.* What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
*Watch.* Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
VVarme and new kild.
*Ppin.* Search, ſeeke & know how this foule murder comes.
*Wat.* Here is a Frier, and Slaughterd *Romeos* man,
VVith Inſtruments vpon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
*Enter Capulet and his Wife:*
*Ca.* O heauen! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes!
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheath'd in my daughters boſome.
*Wi.* O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.
*Enter Mountague.*
*Pri.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now early downe.
*Moun.* Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.
VVhat further woe conſpires againſt my age?
*Prin.* Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
*Moun.* O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
*Pri.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,





And know their ſpring, their head their true deſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpition.
*Fri.* I am the greateſt able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heare I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſde.
*Prin.* Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
*Frier.* I will bee briefe for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
*Romeo* there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
You, to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond marriage:
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returned my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

*Prin.* VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVhers *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

*Balth.* I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and leaft him there.

*Prin.* Giue me the Letter I will looke on it.
VVhere is the Counties Page that raisd the VVatch?
Sirrah what made your master in this place?

*Boy.* He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloose, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prin.* This Letter doth make good the friers words,
Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?





See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brase of kinsmen, all are punisht.

*Cap.* O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

*Moun.* But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

*Cap.* As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

*Prin.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,
For neuer was a storie of more woe,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

*FINIS.*

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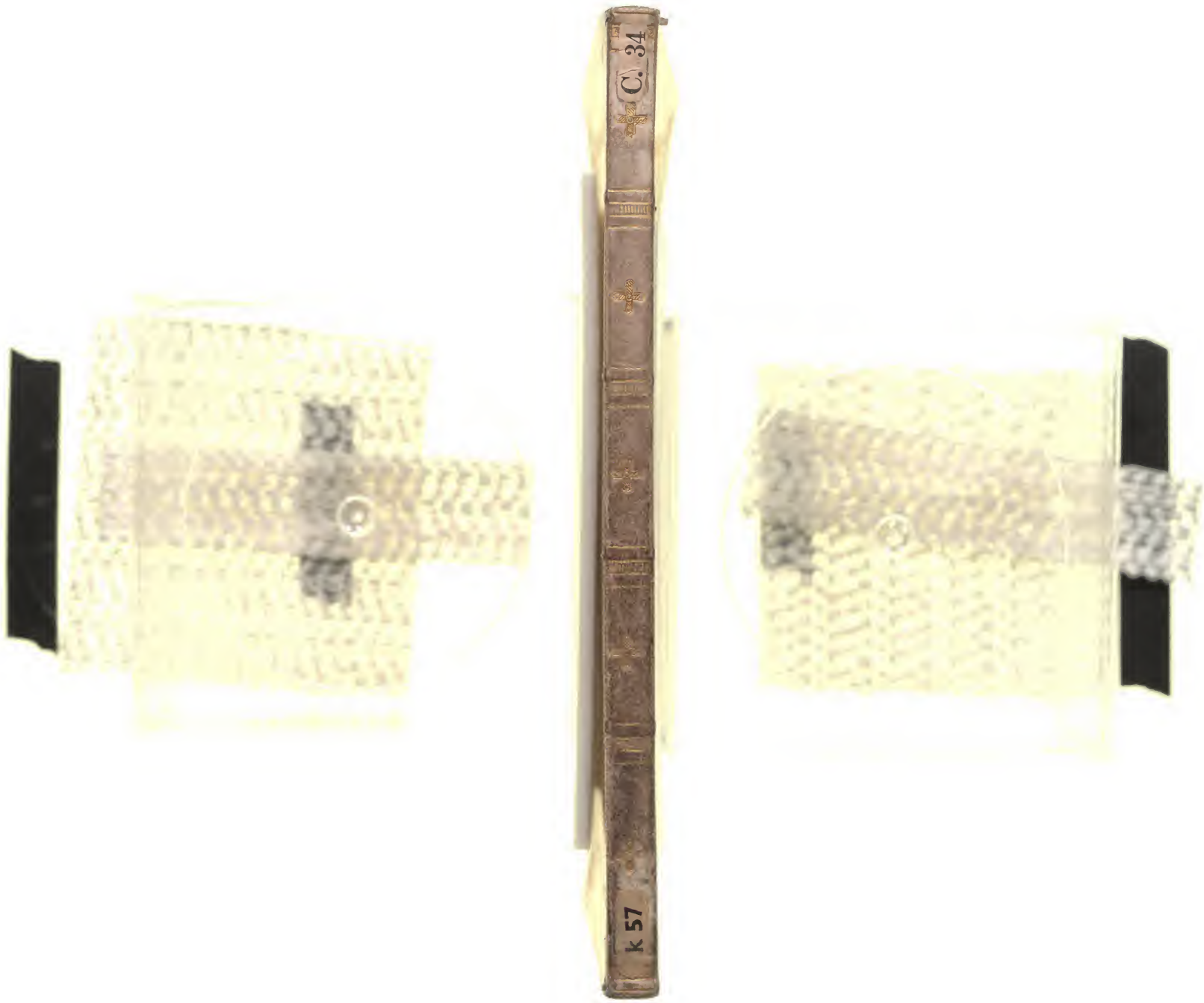
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